

*Bull.* Royally? Why, it contains no King?

*Per.* Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes  
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,  
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,  
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man  
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.

*North.* Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

*Bull.* Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,  
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle  
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:  
*Henry Bullingbrooke* vpon his knees doth kisse  
King *Richard*'s hand, and sends allegiance  
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come  
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,  
Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,  
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:  
If not, Ile vse th'aduantage of my Power,  
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,  
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;  
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*  
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench  
The fresh Greene Lap of faire King *Richard*'s Land,  
My rooping durie tenderly shall shew.  
Goe signifie as much, while here we march  
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:  
Let's march without the noyse of threatening Drum,  
That from this Castles ratter'd Battlements  
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.  
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my selfe should meet  
With no lesse terror then the Elements  
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake  
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:  
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;  
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine  
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.  
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

*Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish.*

*Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.*

See, see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare  
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,  
From out the fierie Portall of the East,  
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent  
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract  
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

*York.* Yet looks he like a King: behold his Eye  
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth  
Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harne should staine so faire a shew.

*Rich.* Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood  
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:  
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget  
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?  
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,  
That hath dismis'd vs from our Stewardship,  
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone  
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,  
Vnlesse he doe prophane, feale, or vsurpe.  
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,  
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,  
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:  
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,  
Is mustering in his Clouds, on our behalfe,

Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike  
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbeget,  
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,  
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.  
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,  
That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,  
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope  
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;  
But ere the Crowne he looks for, lye in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes  
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,  
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace  
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew  
Her Pastors Grassie with faithfull English Blood.

*North.* The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King  
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes  
Be ruff'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,  
*Harry Bullingbrooke*, doth humbly kisse thy hand,  
And by the Honorable Tombe he swears,  
That stands vpon your Royall Grandfathers Bones,  
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,  
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)  
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,  
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,  
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,  
His coming hither hath no further scope,  
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge  
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:  
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,  
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,  
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart  
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:  
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is iust,  
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

*Rich.* *Northumberland*, say thus: The King returns,  
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,  
And all the number of his faire demands  
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:  
With all the gracious vterance thou hast,  
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commands.  
We doe debate our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,  
To looke so poorly, and to speake so faire?  
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send  
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

*Ann.* No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,  
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

*Rich.* Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,  
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment  
On yond proud man, should take it off againe  
With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great  
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,  
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,  
Or not remember what I must be now:  
Swell't thou proud heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,  
Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me.

*Ann.* *Northumberland* comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.

*Rich.* What must the King doe now? must he submit?  
The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?  
The King shall be contented: Must he loose  
The Name of King? O Gods Name let it goe.  
Ile giue my Jewels for a set of Beades,  
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,  
My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,  
My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,  
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,  
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,  
A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.  
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,  
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet  
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:  
For on my heart they tread now, whilest I lye;  
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?  
*Aumerle*, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)  
Wee'll make foule Weather with despised Teares:  
Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,  
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.  
Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,  
And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?  
As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,  
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,  
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes  
Two Kindred, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?  
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see  
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.  
Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,  
What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maiestie  
Giue *Richard* leaue to lye, till *Richard* die?  
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.

*North.* My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend  
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.  
*Rich.* Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,  
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.  
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,  
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.  
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,  
For night-Owls shrike, where mouling Larks should sing.

*Bull.* What sayes his Maiestie?

*North.* Sorrow, and griefe of heart  
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:  
Yet he is come.

*Bull.* Stand all apart,  
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.  
My gracious Lord.

*Rich.* Faire Cousin,  
You debase your Princely Knee,  
To make the base Earth proud with kissing it,  
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,  
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtisie.  
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,  
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

*Bull.* My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

*Rich.* Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

*Bull.* So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,  
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

*Rich.* Well you deseru'd:  
They well deserue to haue,  
That know the strong't, and surest way to get.  
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,  
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.  
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,  
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.  
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,  
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.  
Set on towards London:  
Cousin, is it so?

*Bull.* Yea, my good Lord.

*Rich.* Then I must not say, no.

*Flourish.*

*Exeunt.*

*En.*

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